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LONDON OUT OF TOWN,

OR,

THE FAMILY GENIUS'S.

A FARCE,—WITH SONGS.

BY A. MACLAREN,

AUTHOR OF

THE COUP-DE-MAIN, SIEGE OF PERTH, BRITISH CARPENTER,
FIRST NIGHT'S LODGING, WHAT NEWS FROM BANTRY
BAY, OLD ENGLAND FOR EVER, HUMOURS OF THE
TIMES, NEGRO SLAVES, SOLDIER'S WIDOW,
MONOPOLIZER OUTWITTED, CHANCE OF WAR,
FASHION, BRITONS TO ARMS, SAW YOU
BONY COMING, THE CORONATION,
A TOUCH AT THE TIMES,
&c. &c. &c.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

<i>Mr. Whimwham,</i>	§	<i>1st Cousin,</i>
<i>Mr. Couplet,</i>	§	<i>Clownie,</i>
<i>Hopewell,</i>	§	<i>Coachie,</i>
<i>Friendly,</i>	§	<i>Daffodil.</i>
<i>Cuddie,</i>	§	

WOMEN.

<i>Mrs. Whimwham,</i>	§	<i>Miss Carmine Shimsham,</i>
<i>Miss Crotchet Whimwham,</i>		<i>2nd Cousin.</i>

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Royal Family, Nobility, Gentry and others, who have either subscribed for, or purchased any of my former Copies, I beg leave to offer my grateful thanks. I took the hint for this trifle from the French of Madame de Genlis; and if I could take from the French of Buona-parte what they have unjustly taken from others, by all my wounds received in battle, I would set about it as willingly as I would sell every copy of this edition, to support myself and family.

A. MACLAREN.

Formerly Sergeant, 26th Regt. and Dumbartonshire Highlanders.

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London Out of Town.

ACT I.—SCENE I.—A Street.

HOPEWELL and FRIENDLY.

FRIENDLY.

WHY, Jack, you will be a happy fellow if you marry this Cousin of yours.

Hope. Yes, if I marry her;—but of that I have some doubt.

Friend. You say she has no objection to your person?

Hope. None that I know of:—but that's little or nothing to the purpose, for the lady (belonging herself to a family of genius's), is resolved never to marry a man who has not made some noise in the world.

Friend. Why, then, I think she ought to marry the town drummer; but jesting aside,—what do you call a family of genius's?

Hope. A family of which every individual shines conspicuous in some particular branch of literature.—For instance, my Cousin (according to her own report), is the greatest composer that ever fingered an instrument. Her feelings are so acute, that the crowing of a cock,—the squeaking of a pig,—or the creaking of a door, will be sufficient to set her musical genius in motion. I have heard her boast of a medley she had composed from the cawing of a rook,—the croaking of a raven,—and the chattering of a magpie!

Friend. Ha! ha! ha! Excellent! Go on.—

Hope. Her mother is (in her own opinion), the greatest novel-writer of the present age; and if her hopes are realized, we may expect to see Smollet, Fielding, and even the facetious Cervantes himself, sink into oblivion, to make room for her voluminous publications. Her father, Mr.

Humphrey Whimwham, a gentleman who has cultivated a most intimate acquaintance with the ancient Greeks and Romans, despises to read any English book which is not crammed with Greek and Latin quotations.

Friend. And her brother Daffodil—

Hope. The greatest botanist in Europe:—climbs to the tops of trees, and summits of mountains,—ranges through fields and meadows in search of useful knowledge. Her half-sister, Miss Carmine Shimsham,—a most excellent painter, is at present finishing a picture which she means to expose this week at our Exhibition.

Friend. What, have you Exhibitions too!

Hope. Oh yes, Sir:—although in the Country, here you may see *London Out of Town*. In short, Sir, we are the very Metropolis in miniature.

Friend. But you said something of a rival.—

Hope. Yes:—Mr. Couplet, her mother's nephew, a great poet, who has lately written an opera,—which my Cousin has set to music, and for which, my Uncle, her Father, has furnished a prologue.

Friend. What, a prologue for a musical piece!

Hope. Yes, by way of novelty. If you'll accompany me this evening to our Theatre, you may see it performed for the first time.

Enter CUDDIE with a letter.

Well, Cuddie, what letter is that?

Cudd. This letter be an invitation to the wedding.

Hope. The wedding! Whose wedding?

Cudd. Your Cousin Crotchet, and her Cousin Couplet.

Hope. What, they are not married, are they?

Cudd. But they be though:—look there.

(Gives him the letter).

Hope. This is acting openly indeed! Neither wax nor wafer! *(reads).* “Dear Emily,—you have often heard my Father attempt to prove, from Greek and Latin, that poetry and music are brother and sister; but my Cousin Couplet and I, have convinced him in plain English that they can be made husband and wife. Come to me this evening, and congratulate me on the victory I have gained over my inclinations, for I have sacrificed my affection to my vanity.” I’ll read no more!—Carry your cursed letter to where it is directed. Come, Mr Friendly, since she could, through her fondness for celebrity, forsake the man

she loved from her childhood, you may rest assured that I shall lose her without repining. (*Exit with Friendly*).

Cudd. Rabbit me! but I wur once served the same sauce myself. Well,—better be a forsaken lover than a horned (deserted), husband.

SONG.

Young Tommy Dust and Dickey Soot,
Were modern friends and kind acquaintance ;
They knock'd the porter oft about,
And friendship spoke in ev'ry sentence.—
One night, poor Tom, fatigued with trade,
Came home to supper and to sleep, man ;
No fire was lit, no bed was made,
His wife had 'lop'd with Dickie Sweepman.

To law they went,—Moll Sprat was judge,
Pat Basket stood in Dick's defence, Sir ;
Tho' well he spoke, Dick, with a grudge,
Paid damages, full eighteen-pence, Sir.
And now I hope you'll all commend,
This simple way of settling matters ;
But sure the world is near the end,
When such fine gentry ape their betters.

SCENE—WHIMWHAM, *Miss CROTCHET*, and
Mrs. WHIMWHAM.

Whim. Daughter, among the ancient Greeks and Romans, I can find no precedent for such a precipitate marriage. Among the moderns, I can tell you, *queue ipse vide*.

Mrs. Whim. Bless me, Mr. Whimwham, why will you always interlard your common conversation with your dead languages, unless it be to gratify your own vanity, or puzzle your hearers? If you wish to quote any thing from the ancients, why not give it in plain English, that your English hearers may understand you?

Whim. There now!—The punishment of Tantalus was but a perfect amusement, compared with mine. I can never finish a learned sentence in my own house, when my wife and daughter are present, for the one puts a padlock upon my mouth, and the other locks it with a key of interruption.

Miss Crotch. Well, my dear papa, why don't you take pattern by me? I always chuse the simplest poetry for the

subject of my composition. I'll read you a ballad which was sent me this morning.—

BALLAD.

*The early sun had rais'd his head above yon mountain high,
And red-as scarlet beam'd the clouds that lin'd the purple sky,
When youthful Casmor, tall and strong, of nimble Calmar's*

*race,
Forsook his couch and call'd his hounds to attend him in the
chace.*

*Oh, stay, my love, fair Riva cried, oh stay my fears to still;
If you regard your Riva's tears, do not ascend the hill;
For short and restless was my sleep, and frightful were my*

*dreams,
Loud shriek'd my mother's weeping ghost along the moun-
tain streams.*

*My sister's spirit from the clouds oft beckon'd me to come,
Such dreams, I fear, forebode some ill, so Casmor stay at
home;*

*Forego your fears, my love, said he, and deem such dreams
but vain,*

Before yon sun shall reach the west, expect me back again.

*Whim. Low, mean, vulgar! The poets of antiquity sung
of heroes, gods, and goddesses; but the scribblers of the
present day debase their muse with orphan boys,—beggars-
girls,—and chimney-sweeps.—O tempore!—O mores!*

(Exit).

*Miss Crotch. Let him go, mamma,—some other time I
shall read the rest.*

*Mrs. Whim. No, my dear,—we'll have it now, if you
please.*

*Miss Crotch. Well, mamma, to oblige you,—but I know
it is too long.*

*Now Casmor climb'd the rising hill the roebuck to pursue,
But tho' his hounds outscour'd the heath, no roebuck was in
view;*

*With disappointment sorely vex'd, he homeward bent his way,
Before his shadow o'er the heath had dwindled to mid-day.*

*When passing near the rugged rock that borders on the tide,
Where he had often watch'd the seal and pierc'd his oily side,*

*Within the margin of flood a living mark he spied,
I'll make the same my prize, he said, and bear it to my bride.*

*With manly strength the bow he bent, the fatal arrow flew,
But, hapless youth, 'twas not the seal, but his true love he
slow;*

*Ill-fated maid! Why did you bathe upon that om'nous day!
Why did your lovely bosom press the waves of Alber Bay!*

*He drew the arrow from her breast, and thrust it through his
side.—*

*The barbed dart that prov'd her death, in his heart's-blood
was dyed;*

*Now, when the virgins of the vale came yearly to the sea,
They drop a tear upon their grave beneath the withered tree.*

Mrs. Whim. 'Tis too long for the stage,—but might do pretty well for the street, my dear.

Miss Crotchet. I thank you, mamma. Have you invited Miss Fallal and her Cousin to the dance to-night?

Mrs. Whim. Yes, my dear, and Mrs. Look-in, and Mr. Get-out, with all the Fishabout family.

Miss Crotchet. And Mr. Couplet has engaged the band from the theatre.

Mrs. Whim. Well, my dear, I believe you are the first couple that ever had their play performed and their wedding celebrated in one night. I'll go and order the gothic hall to be cleared out for the dance. *(Exit).*

Miss Whim. Heigho! I do not enjoy that perfect happiness which my fond imagination promised me. Hopewell, you surely had my heart, and would have had my hand also, had you ever evinced any symptoms of genius.

Enter 2d. Cousin.

2d. Cousin. My dear Crotchet, I rejoice to see you.

Miss Crotchet. I can assure you the joy is reciprocal.

2d. Cousin. Common fame says you were married this morning!—

Miss Crotchet. Common fame spoke truth for once in its life-time.

2d. Cousin. And you have a play to be performed to-night!

Miss Crotchet. Which we wish you to see, as you dabble a little in poetry yourself. Come, now, what have you lately written?—Let me see it, and I'll set it to music.

2d. Cousin. There it is,—but you'll laugh—because it's an epitaph upon my husband.—

Miss Crotchet. What,—is he dead!—

2d. Cousin. Not yet,—but I've had a letter informing me that he is dangerously ill:—and so, you know, there can be no harm in being prepared.

Miss Crotchet. None in the least.

2d. He won't die a bit the sooner for it!—

Miss Crotchet. Not a minute!—

2d. Cousin. When you're about it, be sure to throw in a great deal of the pathos,—for happen when it will, I am sure I shall be sadly afflicted!—

Miss Crotchet. A good husband, perhaps?—

2d. Cousin. Good, bad, or indifferent, you know for one's sake, a due decorum——

Miss Crotch. Very true.—Here comes my bridegroom. Let us into my closet, and read the epitaph.

(*They go off at one side,—COUPLET and 1st COUSIN enter at the other.*)

1st Cousin. So you say you wrote your own epithalamium?—

Couplet. I did; and for certain reasons, I wish you to father it.

1st Cousin. No doubt, Cousin, any thing that comes from your pen might do me great honour,—but hereafter you may be apt to claim——

Couplet. Cousin, for your security, I'll tell you a secret:—I've said so much in my own praise, that my modesty must disown it.

1st. Cousin. Well, I believe there may be something in that, and so, on condition that you write my wife's epitaph, I am your man.

Couplet. When did she die?—

1st Cousin. She's not dead yet, I believe, but I left her on a sick bed, from which, I think, she'll hardly remove till she's carried.

Couplet. As that happens to be the case, I cannot invite you to stay and see our play.

1st Cousin. Oh yes you may:—for if death is resolved to visit her, I flatter myself that I have nothing about me terrible enough to frighten him away.

Couplet. Here comes my bride.

Enter Miss CROTCHET.

My dear, this is my Cousin :—Cousin, this is my bride.

1st Cousin. Madam, I give you joy.

Miss Crotch. Sir, if your time's your own, I beg leave to invite you to see our play, and dance at our wedding.

Couplet. My dear, that's a favour which he cannot well deny you, as he must remain here till I have written his wife's epitaph.

Miss Crotch. His wife's epitaph! So, the gentleman's a widower.

Couplet. No, my dear, but his wife is dangerously ill.

Miss Crotch. Upon my word that is very singular.—I have a lady in my room, who has written an epitaph upon a sick husband, and I'm going to set it to music.

1st Cousin. Upon a sick husband!—Can't we see her?

Miss Crotch. Excuse me, Sir,—I must not expose the lady, for, to tell you the truth, she is my own Cousin.

Couplet. Your cousin,—and he mine! Well, I protest, there is such a similarity in their cases!—Cousin, if your wife should not remove till she's carried—

1st Cousin. Be quiet,—be quiet, Cousin :—don't put ill thoughts into my head; and yet, by George, her husband sick, and my wife sick, I must actually see her.

Miss Crotch. Upon my word you cannot, Sir! (*Exit*).

Couplet. Never mind, Cousin,—she'll invite her to see our opera, and then you can have a peep at her.

1st Cousin. So I can. Thank you, Cousin. Now, if her husband was to pop off, and my wife—'pshaw! And yet as strange things have happened.

Couplet. Frequently.

1st Cousin. Do you really think so?

Couplet. I actually do. Come away to my study, and let us set about this epitaph. (*Ex.*)

Enter Miss CROTCHET and 2d. COUSIN.

2d. Cousin. What,—gone already! He must be a curious creature! His wife's epitaph! I declare I would go a mile to see him,—only for curiosity though!

Miss Crotch. Oh nothing else, my dear.

2d. Cousin. Does your husband know him?

Miss Crotch. Oh yes, my dear, they're Cousins.

2d. Cousin. Well I declare! Ha, ha, ha, ha! The similarity grows stronger and stronger. Now, my husband and

I, in all our words, thoughts, and actions, are as different as black and white. What sort of man is he,—tall—short—dark—fair—or——'pshaw! What is it to me what he is! But you know a woman's curiosity is as hard to conquer—

Miss Crotch. As her love!

1st. Cousin. Oh, you wicked creature! Would you have me to be in love with the man I never saw?

Miss Crotch. Since you're out of love with the one you have seen——

1st. Cousin. I declare I'll leave your house as soon as——

Miss Crotch. My husband's Cousin goes out of it.

(*Exit both laughing.*)

SCENE—*The Gothic Hall.*

CUDDIE, JENNY, COACHIE, and CLOWNIE.

Jenny. Cuddie, why don't you mind your work?—You know every thing must be got ready 'ere the company returns from the play.

Cuddie. Dang it, dono' be in such a hurry! Here be Squire Humdrum's Coachie—says he'll bring Betty and Dolly to dance a bit at the wedding to-night.

Clown. Yes, by the mawkins, we'll have a country dance.

Cuddie. No, by the rabbits but we sha'n't though.—We'll have a town dance,—such as I see'd when I wur in London at the hopera.

Clownie. What, be the hopera a play-house?

Cuddie. Yes, it be,—but they call it hopera, because they hop so much about. Dang it, but it would do your heart good to see some on 'em stand on upon one leg like a cock at roost, and then turn round about like a whirligig. Now you see, as I knows the way, I'll compose a ballad for Miss Crotchet's wedding.—Ha, ha, ha, ha! In London, they call a dance a ballad, but in the country with us, you know it be a song or a chavy dnace.

Clownie. So it be; and I can sing it from one end to 'tother, without missing a word.—“Oh prosper long our noble king”——

Cud. Dang it, have done, and mind what I say. Come, take lesson,—stand upon one leg,—no, tother, I believe.—Now turn round about.—Very well,—very well.—Nancore, —nancore! (*Applauding.*)

Clown. Rabbit you and Nan Core too, if I be not as giddy as a goose! (*Tumbles down*).

Jenny. Bless me, the man faints! Fetch some water!

Cudd. Ha'd a bit,—ha'd a bit!—(*chasing him*).—We'll bring him round.—Yes, yes, he'll come about!

Clown. Rabbit me if I do! I've had enough of your round-about, I think.

Coach. Come, come, we shall have no more of them capers. At night we shall have Bob o' the Bolster,—Jack o' the Green,—or Morrice Dance.

Cud. Poh! poh! That be all vulgar stuff!

Coach. Vulgar! I'll let you know that though I be only in a coachman's place——

Jenny. Come, come, no reflections upon places!—He that acts his part as he ought, acts well,—let his situation be what it will.

Cud. Only hear Miss Jenny! Dang it, but she do speak rarely!

Jenny. A good chimney-sweep is a better man than a bad emperor:—for the one sweeps away the soot that troubles us,—and the other sweeps away the lives and properties——

Coach. Poh! poh! That be all gammon! I hate polly-tricks! King Charles the Third's rules for my money.

Jenny. King Charles the First you mean!

Coach. 'Egad, may be so!—But ha'd a bit now; our own king be only King George III. and shiver my axletree if I would put the best king that ever wore a head two figures before him!

Jenny. Come now, I'll give you credit for that! For if it does not shew your wit, it shews your loyalty, and that's much better.

Coach. I thank you, Miss Jenny. Now, I'll give you a song made by a brother whip, who was a great genii and poet.——

SONG.

*You may boast of your bloods, your bucks, and your beaux,
And all that there sort of whatever degree,
But they'll never compare with us gee up gee ho's,
For courting the ladies or raising a spree;
When plac'd on my dickie with whip in my hand,
To clear my way through I oft bawl out hey! hey!*

*There's none high or low dare my summons withstand,
For heroes and cowards alike run away,*

*From my gee up, gee ho,
And my hey up, hey ! hey !*

Both heroes and cowards alike run away.

May coachmen who handle the reins of the state,

Take lesson from me who a'm deemed but a clown ;

May they take and give warning before it's too late,

That they fellow-subjects may never run down.

When master courts missie so rich and so fair,

At length he persuades her for Grietna to go ;

But pray let me ask you who carries them there ?

To be sure it is coachie with gee up,—gee ho !

With his gee up,—gee ho !

And his hey up,—hey,—hey !

To be sure it is coachie with gee up,—gee ho !

Some blades of the fashion the ladies pursue,

And prove themselves foolish as foolish can be,

But I am much wiser and happier too—

No ladies I follow, for they follow me ;

No chains of blind Cupid I boast in my song,

For these be all fables you very well know ;

With straps of strong leather I drag them along,

While I sit on my box with my gee up,—gee ho !

With my gee up,—gee ho !

And my hey up,—hey hey !

While I sit on my box with my gee up,—gee ho !

ACT II.—SCENE I.

O'QUILQUIN and JENNY with a handful of Papers.

O'Quil. And now, Miss Jenny, what do these papers contain ?

Jenny. These papers contain songs from different ladies for Miss Crotchet to set to music.

O'Quil. Oh to be sure it must be a pretty employment for a young lady of fortune !

Jenny. It might be a pretty amusement for a young lady of fortune,—but when she devotes her whole time to it,—don't you think she may be apt to neglect matters of greater consequence ?

O'Quil. Come now, my darling, don't you be after shewing your want of taste!—Don't you know that I am a bit of a genius myself?—Now you shall hear!—

SONG.

*Miss Betty, her mother's own daughter,
Sat down by the fire as O'Gallagher says,
To be sure it's no subject for laughter,
A spark from the grate set her cloaths in a blaze.
She roar'd, and she scream'd, and she started,
She skipt and she leapt like a kid that was wild;
Myself was quite vext and sore hearted,
To see her sad case, the poor innocent child.*

*While others stood gaping and gazing,
Wise Pat, with a wonderful presence of mind,
To keep down the flame from up raising,
And spreading out wider before and behind,
Snatch'd up a full kettle of good river-water;
But, faith, I believe he forgot it was boil'd,
And so to explain the whole matter,—
He put out the flame, but he scalded the child.*

*Two learned great doctors being sent for, came hither,
To be sure in their bus'ness their skill was not small,
And when they'd consulted some moments together,
They found that the danger was nothing at all:
The water, tho' boiling red hot in the morning,
Ah, would you believe it,—yet strange to be told,
Had lost all its pow'r of scalding or burning,—
For being off the fire for some hours, it grew cold.*

Oh, yonder comes Mr. Couplet and Miss Carmine; by the motion of their arms, I can see they are disputing about their great qualifications.

Jenny. I think they are always disputing.

O'Quil. To be sure they are, and to shew you that they have a little touch of the Emperor in them, they can never think themselves great enough unless they can make others as little as possible.

Jenny. I see nothing unnatural in that,—for, I believe it is pretty well known that every thing appears most conspicuous when opposed to its contrast.—For instance,—were there no fools like you, wise people like me might pass unnoticed.

O'Quil. Avaugh!—Is it there you are!—Because your father was a little petty country schoolmaster,—you think yourself mistress of all the gentaility in the world!

Jenny. A petty schoolmaster!—My father was a man of education, and as genteel in his carriage——

O'Quil. Carriage! Ha! ha! ha!—Botheration to the carriage had the poor gentleman, for he was always obliged to hire a hack, or ride upon foot whenever he went out.

Jenny. Oh, Sir, if I am not good enough——

O'Quil. Oh, to be sure you are good enough for me,—but if you was a little better, I don't think you would be much the worse.

Jenny. Now, I remember you told Polly that I'm beginning to grow somewhat ancient.—How old do you think I am now?

O'Quil. Oh, don't be after asking me!

Jenny. I insist upon knowing your opinion!—

O'Quil. Insist upon't, do you? Oh, that's a quite different matter!—Come then, let me look at you!—(*looking at her.*) Now, according to the best of my opinion, you are at this very precious moment,—let me see,—old enough for any good you have done, and so is myself. Oh, here they come—let's down stairs, and play out the rest of the game in the kitchen. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter COUPLET, Miss CARMINE, WHIMWHAM, Mrs. WHIMWHAM, and Miss CROCHET.

Miss Car. To be sure poetry is a very fine thing,—but I hope you have not the presumption to put it in competition with painting!

Couplet. And why not, Madam?

Miss Car. Because the dramatic characters of the present day are mere caricatures,—not to be met with any where but in the author's brain,—where they were hatched.

Couplet. And what are your portraits of the present day?

Miss Car. Perfect likenesses.

Couplet. Likenesses!—

Miss C. So much so, that any one may know the original by the picture, as well as the picture by the original.—In short, Sir, the pencil can give the countenance an expression of grief,—joy,—or indeed any other passion the painter pleases. For my own part, when one of my portraits is finished, I'll venture to say that it wants nothing but the power of speech and motion to make it a living picture.

Couplet. And what are my dramatic characters?—Living characters, Madam!—They can be glad or sorry as well as yours, Madam,—and what's better, they can tell you why they are so, and that's more than your dumb pictures can do.

Miss Crotch. Oh, ye inharmonious creatures!—Whenever you meet, you are sure to quarrel,—and for what?—For poetry and painting! Pretty affairs indeed!—But what is either of them compared to the divine science of music?

Whim. True, daughter, music is a fine science,—but it might be turned to greater advantage were it always to accompany Greek and Latin verses.

Mrs. Whim. My dear Mr. Whimwham, will you never have done with your nonsense? Were I to cram my novels with Greek and Latin quotations, as you do your writings, it would be putting the boarding-school misses to a pretty nonplus!

Enter DAFFODIL and CUDDIE.

Daffodil. A phenomenon,—a phenomenon!—A wonder in nature,—a wonder in nature!

All. What's the matter?

Daffodil. A phenomenon!—A beautiful flower sprung up from the bottom of the pond since last night!

Miss Whim. Nonsense!—Brother, go and get yourself ready to see our play, and never mind your botany!

Daffodil. Never mind my botany! I would not be absent from a single lecture on the simplest weed in nature, for the best play that ever was written!

Miss Crotch. Oh, the vulgar creature! Ladies and Gentlemen, come away, and get yourselves ready to see the play.

(Ex. all but Daffodil and Cuddie.)

Daffodil. I say it is a phenomenon! Cuddie, you never observed it before this morning?

Cuddie. Never! Dang it, it be main pretty, and looks in the middle of pond just as if it wur a yellow rose!

Daffodil. Yellow rose!—There's no such thing as a yellow rose,—but I don't wonder at your ignorance, for I dare say it will puzzle all the naturalists in Europe to find a name for it.

Cuddie. Will it!—Why then, I be no natural at all, and yet I do think I could find a name for it, as easy as throw pease into my mouth.

Daffodil. And what would you call it?

Cuddie. Why, as it sprung up in one night in the pond, I would call it a water mushroom.

Daffodil. Ha, ha, ha,—a very good conceit!—You can swim, I hope?

Cuddie. Yes, a little with bladders.

Daffodil. Well, get your bladders, and fetch me this phenomenon.

Cuddie. I will,—(*going.*) but ha'd a bit:—what be it good for?

Daffodil. Good for!—Cuddie, there is not a flower,—weed,—shrub,—or plant, in meadow,—field,—moor,—or mountain, but what has its peculiar virtue,—if we knew how to apply it; even the nettles among your feet may be converted to some use.

Cuddie. Od rat 'em, I know that!—For mother used to scourge I with 'em when I wur a boy.

Daffodil. Ha, ha, ha! Cuddie, you have no conception,—no feeling—

Cuddie. But I have though,—for they did so tickle and smart me, that I twisted and turn'd like an eel among her hands,—but she wur such a Turk, that she never giv'd over.

Daffodil. Cuddie, be quiet. This discovery will perpetuate my memory. My father may boast of his reflections on the Thau of the Egyptians, and his dissertations on Aorasy—my mother of her novels—my sister of her music—my cousin of her painting, and Couplet of his poetry; but all these trivialities shall die before their trivial possessors, while my name shall last to posterity. Come away, Cuddie.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE—A Chamber.

Miss CROCKET and COUPLET.

Miss Crotch. No, I have changed my mind—I shall not go till the play is over; tragedy always makes me so dull!

Couplet. Dull, my dear?

Miss Crotch. Yes,—affects me too much, and I wish to be in the highest spirits to enjoy the fruits of my musical labours. Apropos.—I've sent Thomas to keep our seats, and bring me word when the fourth act is over.

Couplet. That was wisely done. Where is this Cousin of yours?

Miss Crotch. Reading in my closet. But I've been considering—

Couplet. What, my dear?

Miss Crotch. That as she's a married woman—

Couplet. And he a married man.

Miss Crotch. We are somewhat reprehensible—

Couplet. For indulging them with an interview.

Miss Crotch. Very true!

Couplet. And yet I have no right to controul him; I am neither his father nor his guardian.

Miss Crotch. Nor I her mother nor governess.

Couplet. As they are come to the years of discretion—

Miss Crotch. They ought to be responsible for their own actions.

Enter WHIMWHAM, Mrs. WHIMWHAM, and CUDDIE.

Whim. What does this fellow make such a noise for?

Cuddie. Rabbit me, be'n't it be a nation hard matter that I canno' find my swimming-bladders,—though. I have searched whole house, up and down,—high and low,—every creek and corner

Miss Crotch. Never mind them, Cuddie; come here,—we want you to sing the clown's song in the second act of the farce.

Couplet. Yes, by way of anticipation. I hope you are perfect, Cuddie?

Cud. Yes, I think I be.

Couplet. Come then, begin,—but be sure to articulate every word, that the beauty of the poetry may not be lost.

Miss Crotch. And give every note its full sound, that the music may have a proper effect.

Cuddie. Yes,—

Lovely Biddy, be you sleeping.

Yes, indeed, I hear you snore,

Here's your Cuddie, soaking, dripping,

Standing shiv'ring at the door;

Now she hears me, I'll be sworn in,

Up she gets and off we go:

Hark, the cock salutes the morning,

Cocka leakie, leari lo!

Three long miles I came here stumping,
 Through the wet and o'er the moor,
 Sometimes running,—sometimes jumping,
 Sadly splash'd you may be sure.
 Od's my life ! we'll have such scorning,
 All the folk will jeer me so,
 Can't you rise up with the morning,
 Cocka leakie, leari lo !

Pretty Biddy, why so lazy ?
 What the plague be you about,
 Zooks, you'll drive a body crazy,
 You're so long a-coming out ;
 Does she dream of Neddy Dacre ?—
 By my fex it may be so !
 With my crowing let me wake her,—
 Cocka leakie, leari lo !

If you love your snoring better
 Than the pretty notes I sing,
 Then at once to end the matter,
 I've just hit upon the thing :
 You may keep your bed, my Biddy,
 But take Cuddie to it too ;
 Then the cock may crow till mid-day
 Cocka leakie, leari lo !

Cuddie. Dang it, I maun run to Mr. Daffodil, and bring Fanny Emeral out of pond.

Miss Crotch. The opera must go off well !

Whim. Yes, if they speak my prologue as I taught them. Come, O'Quilquin, you've got it by heart,—let me hear you repeat it, for I'm resolved to have my anticipation as well as the rest.

O'Quil. To be sure I will, Sir. Ladies and gentlemen, as to the trifle to be represented before you here to-night, we shall only say, as the Latin poet has it, “Non vox ed “votum, non musica,—musica,—musica,—tunder and turf, there's a hole in the ballad !

Whim. Villain,—where's the rest of the quotation ?

O'Quil. Oh, by the hocus, a hundred miles off by this time for aught I know ! But never mind that ; we shall give them the rest in good wholesome home-brew'd Irish, and so here goes. As to the piece to be presented here to-night,

we shall only say as the Greek poet has it, " Abair gu beg, agus abair gu ma.

Whim. Why, you illiterate Goth! You Hottentot! Do you presume to substitute a touch of your wild Irish for my Greek and Latin quotations?

O'Quil. And why not? Is not one foreign language as good as another?

Miss Crotch. My dear papa, don't put yourself in a passion. O'Quilquin, go and watch the ending of the fourth act, lest Thomas should neglect his duty. (*Exit O'Quil.*) And when the opera is over to-night, my papa shall animadvert on every part of the performance,—with all the Greek and Latin he is master of. Next week, we shall read in the public prints,—“ On Wednesday last was performed at the New Theatre, a new Opera, from the pen of Timothy Couplet, Esq.—the Music by Miss Crotchett “ Whimwham, (now Mrs. Couplet), and the Prologue by “ that lady's father,—a gentleman well known in the re- “ public of letters.” Look at this London paper, and see what encomiums it passes upon the author of the piece, which was performed there last week. Oh, I would give all the world if I had it, to acquire so much fame!

Enter 1st. Cousin.

1st Cousin. Cousin, I am sorry I was detained——

Couplet. Oh, you are time enough yet, Sir.—Give me leave to introduce you to a relation of my bride's.

Miss Crotch. Here she comes.

Enter 2d. Cousin.

Sir, this is my second Cousin.

Couplet. Madam, this is my first Cousin. (*Introducing.*)

1st Cousin. My wife, by all the powers of petrification!

2d Cousin. My husband as I———

1st Cousin. Madam, did I not leave you in town on a sick bed!——

2d Cousin. And did not you come to the country to inform my relations?

1st Cousin. But did not I write you that I was suddenly taken ill?

2d Cousin. And did not I recover upon receipt of your letter?

1st Cousin. But why did you come to the country?

2d Cousin. For a very good reason ; you left town when you were quite well, and you suddenly turned ill. Now, I came to the country when I was very ill, in hopes that I might soon grow better.

1st Cousin. I have a great mind to sue you for mental crim. con.—for you fell in love with me when you believed me to be a stranger !

1st Cousin. Do,—and I'll bring you in for equal damages, for you know you are equally culpable.

Whim. The greatest crim. con. I ever read of, was that of Helen and Paris.

Mrs. Whim. My dear Mr. Whimwham——

Miss Crotch. Come, my dear friends, cease to upbraid one another ! Go with us to see our opera,—and if you don't return as friendly as two emperors, I'll forfeit my reputation as a composer ! Bless me, sister, are you not ready yet ?

Miss Car. Excuse me, sister, I must actually sit up all night to finish the picture.

Miss Crotch. The picture ! And can you really deny yourself the pleasure of hearing my music !

Couplet. And my poetry !

Whim. And my prologue !

Mrs. Whim. For shame, daughter ! How can you be so selfish !—You see I am going myself, though my brain has been busily employed these three days past laying the foundation-stone of a new novel.

Miss Car. Well, I don't care if I do ; but it shall be on condition that you all accompany me to the exhibition to-morrow.

Miss Crotch. By all means, my dear,—and yet, upon second consideration, I'm afraid we cannot,—for to-morrow we'll be busy receiving the congratulations of all our acquaintance.

Enter TIPPLE with a picture.

Tipple. (Drunk) Madam, I've brought it.

Miss Car. Oh lud, this fellow will expose me !—I must get him away. So I see your master has framed it ?

Tipple. Yes, framed,—formed,—finished——

Miss Car. What shall I do ! The secret will be out !—Carry it to your master, and tell him it is very ill done indeed.

Tipple. Ill done ! (*Hiccups.*) Now I thinks it is very well done.

Miss Car. You think ! You're no judge !

Tipple. No judge ! Come, that's a pretty good one !—No judge of my own handy works.

Miss Car. I'm lost ! Ladies and Gentlemen, don't mind him. You see he's quite drunk.

Tipple. Drunk, am I ? Now I'll be judged by the whole company, if I be'nt as sober as a judge, though she won't allow me to be one. So you see the matter is this :—she sends a piece of canvas to my master,—he gives it to me,—and so—(*hiccups.*) with the assistance of 'prentice Tom, I finish it just as you see it. To-morrow, she sends it to the exhibition,—she gets the praise, and we get the money.—“ Old King Cowl was a jolly———(*sings.*)

Miss Car. Rascal,—I'll make your master turn you off.

Tipple. I'll hold you a bet you don't. He can no more do without me, than I can do without our 'prentice Tom. (*Exit.*)

Miss Crotch. Never mind the fellow, my dear ! Come and see our opera.

Mrs. Whim. Do, my dear ; and when you read my forthcoming novel, you will find that people of talents are ever exposed to the malignity of the vulgar.

Enter JENNY.

Jenny. Miss Lambkin has sent to know if you have set her Scotch pastoral she sent you, Ma'am.

Miss Crotch. I have set the Scotch lines she sent me :—but how they can come under the denomination of pastoral, is beyond my comprehension. Good folks, you shall hear it if you please.—

AIR.

*Young Willie lov'd his darling Kate,
And Katie lov'd her Will again,
Sair did he work baith air and late,
But a' could not his Kate maintain.
The little babies cried for bread,
The mother's tears incessant flow'd ;
To bring them hame some short remead,
Poor Willie took the fatal goud.*

*The shining ore nae lang did last,
 When they had paid a debt or twa ;
 And ere three wee short weeks were past,
 Poor hapless Will was ca'd awa' .
 For Portugal he turn'd his face,
 From thence to Spain went he ;
 To aid the sons of dire distress,
 And stem the tide of tyranny.*

*Ten tedious months had slowly crept
 O'er Katie's brow wi' sorrow rak'd,
 False dreams amus'd her when she slept,
 Sad fears alarm'd her when she wak'd ;
 At length our troops re-cross the seas,
 And hope return'd to Katie's breast,
 But 'twas the glow-worm's transient blaze,
 And not the morning in the east.*

*Loud blew the post his warning horn,
 Oft had she watch'd the welcome sound,
 Quick did she glance the letter o'er,
 As quickly drop it on the ground ;
 Sit still, my bonny babe, she cried,
 Sit still upon your mammie's knee ;
 Low lies your father's lint white head,
 Far, Far beyond the Spanish sea.*

Enter CUDDIE.

Cuddie. We ha' got it!—We ha' got the Fanny Emerald!—Ha'd a bit, and I'll tell you.—When we wur com'd to pond, I jumped in ; but as I wur swimming back with bladders, some how or other my head pop'd under water, and soa measter, who stood on bank, lent me his hand,—but instead of he pulling I out, I pulled he in, and soa, when we were com'd to shore, he ran to put off wet cloaths, and I run to put on dry ones, and soa here he is.

Enter DAFFODIL.

Daffodil. We have got it,—we have got it! Not without a ducking I must confess,—but we must not expect to arrive at perfection in any branch of knowledge without some danger and difficulty. Where is it, Cuddie?

Cuddie. Here it be. *Shewing it.*

Daffodil. What do I see!—

Cuddie. Why you see what it be! The silk tulip that wind blow off Betty's bonnet into pond this morning!

Daffodil. What, and have I been deceived by an artificial tulip!—Well, I see we can never conduct any great business without some trifling mistakes! (*They all laugh.*)

Miss Crotch. Ha, ha, ha!—Good people, don't expend all your laughter upon this subject:—reserve a little for our poor opera. Brother, you shall go and laugh away your disappointment. Oh, here comes our Mercury!

Enter O'QUILQUIN.

Well, Mr. O'Quilquin, is the fifth act begun?

O'Quil. No, by my conscience, nor ever will for this night, at any rate.

Miss Crotch. What,—were they so impatient for the afterpiece that they cut out the fifth act?

O'Quil. Have patience, madam. At the end of the fourth act, one of the lady actresses fell sick,—and so they were obliged to finish the fifth act before it began.

M. C. And why did not Thomas come to tell us?

O'Q. Because he went out to take a sip to put him in spirits to ruff and clap, and tunder away like lightning,—and when he came back——

Couplet. The farce was began!

O'Q. By my troth was it, and almost ended too.

M. C. Oh, heavens, you frighten me! Would not they let it go on?

O'Q. On! Oh, the soro a word was said about *on*,—for every body roar'd out—Off,—off,—off!

Couplet. What, it was not damn'd, was it?

O'Q. Aye by my song was it,—tee totally.

M. C. Oh, my sweet music!

Couplet. My dear poetry!

M. C. I was afraid of the poetry.

Couplet. I never liked the music, and I said so.

M. C. No, you didn't.

Couplet. I say I did.

M. C. There never was prettier music; but what combinations of sounds could set off such a low Grub street composition!

Couplet. Grub-street, Madam! The poetry was excellent, and would have immortalized my name, had it not been tacked to your fire-iron music! The clashing of poker and tongs, or the rattling of gridiron and shovel, were

perfect harmony to your ill-patched, all-pilfered, unmeaning composition!

Whim. Children,—children, don't quarrel on your marriage-day; your disappointment is great, I must confess,—but what is it compared with mine,—the best prosaic prologue——

Couplet. Aye, that's the thing,—a prologue to a musical piece was such an innovation, that no audience could endure it.

M. C. Yes, indeed, papa, you are certainly the author of all our misfortunes!

Whim. What, are you both against me!

Couplet. Are not we both injured by your Greek——

M. C. And have not we both a right to complain of your Latin quotations?

Whim. And have not I a right to turn you both out of doors?—And damn me if I don't! Now, I hope that's neither Greek nor Latin!

Mrs. Whim. Compose yourself, my dear; and for your consolation, children, I'll send to London to-morrow-morning, and add another chapter to my novel, in which I will do you ample justice.—Oh, here comes my messenger.—

Enter WILLIAM.

Well, have you disposed of my copy-right?

William. Nobody would purchase it.

Miss C. Mr. Couplet, we were married this morning.

Couplet. But never shall be bedded.

Whim. I'll write no more prologues.

Miss Car. I'll paint no more pictures.

Mrs. Whim. I'll write no more novels.

1st Cousin. You are perfectly right, good people, not to persevere in matters for which you know yourselves to be totally unqualified; and if every body would adopt so wise a resolution, I don't think the world would be any thing the worse for it.

F I N I S.

Macpherson, Printer, Russell Court, Covent Garden.
